

WE ARE CHUCK FULL!

This has no reference to the proprietors or salesmen, but the state our counters and shelves, which are piled high with New Spring Clothing.

The Latest Novelties in Suits and Spring Overcoats!

CALL AND

SEE THEM.

LOW PRICES WIN WE MAKE ALL WELCOME.

KLEINMAIER BROS.,

The Strictly One-Price Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers.

The Marion Daily Star.

Published Every Evening Except Sunday.

BY C. E. HARDING

TERMS:

Delivered by Carrier, 10 Cts. per Week
By Mail, \$1 per Year, in Advance.

TUESDAY,

MARCH 31.

Our great trouble in getting the best of counsels is to get desirable men to accept the thankless task of making the canvass and serving after being elected.

TRULY we shall need a new directory at once. The number of removals is so large that for a time it will be a little difficult for everybody to know everybody else's affairs.

The Quinn Chapel debating society should have shown an eye for appropriateness and debated this week on the question "Whether it is cheaper to move or pay rent."

We have already declared that we shall have nothing to say in the municipal contest this spring. Were it not for this we might possibly say that the Republicans of Marion could have done a little better had they tried their best, but it won't do to particularize.

Our stories of war with Italy are not giving the people one tenth the worry that the grip is. The Italian Minister, Baron Fava, has been recalled, but the information is that it is not because of the New Orleans massacre and the government's action in the matter.

It is no wonder Joe Smith, of the Urbana Citizen, is one of the most popular and widely quoted editors of Ohio. He is always doing the right things with a clever extra hit now and then. His latest gracious act is the publishing of Hon. Robt P. Porter's suggestion to republican editors of Ohio, in his Taledo speech, in neat form, a copy of which we hereby acknowledge receipt.

Of course it doesn't take long for a man to undergo a complete change of heart politically but it makes one suspicious to see fellows on the prohibition ticket after having left that party and been too numerous at the primaries of other political parties. With a very distinct recollection we still insist that the Marion Republicans were never so strong before or since as they were at the congressional primaries in '88.

Fun with Loaded Matches.

One of the latest novelties is the loaded match. It is to all appearances one of the common, innocent-looking red-headed affairs, but there is a surprise and a scare in every one of them.

If your friend wants to light a cigar hand him over one of these trick matches. It is lighted in the usual way, but just as it is fairly alame and the victim is about to apply it to his weed it gives out a loud report and the light is extinguished, much to the chagrin and astonishment of your friend.

This detonation, which is about as loud as that produced by the explosion of a firecracker, is caused by the same coming in contact with some explosive substance, probably fulminate, which has been deeply smeared on one side of the stick.—New York Herald.

Auburn's Dark Day.

The town of Auburn, Ala., at 2 o'clock on the morning of March 6, was completely enveloped in darkness. Merchants closed their stores and went home, and students in the various colleges were dismissed from their recitations. Negroes and ignorant white men, out of their houses, screaming and frightened, thinking that judgment day had come. At first the people in sight had a candle or two at hand, but the firemen showed no such indications. The phenomenon was purely local.—Examiner.

Waukegan's games were played Saturday evening, as usual, from 8 to 10 o'clock. The spectators, both men and women, are mostly dark and may be taken down to 12 years of age. The game is a common one, and is known as "piggyback." The players are mostly negroes, many of them are. The women are usually the bosses. It appears to be one of the traditions of the negro to call attention that "the old man" who wears the knee to "the one man." At any rate, we market we almost invariably find the women in command. They sit on the platform, watching their wares, testy with a clear straw near by, inviting passers-by to partake, cracking jokes with each other, taunting immoderately their husbands and issuing orders to their husbands when occasion requires. The wife keeps the

GOING TO THE MARKET.

IT IS ONE OF THE AMUSEMENTS OF WASHINGTON.

Center Market Building Is Considered the Largest Structure of Its Kind in the United States—Descriptions and Sketches of the People to Be Seen There.

Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—Going to market is one of the popular amusements at the capital indulged in almost as freely by men and women of highest station and greatest fame as by their more common brothers and sisters. Nor is it at all surprising. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a more pleasant way of passing the dull hours of a morning than by paying a visit to one of the most noted markets of the world. In the first place the Washington Center market is a huge building of interest in itself on account of its magnitude. It was one of the great improvements made in the Capital City by that man who birthed so much woe than he knew, Alexander Shepherd.

A pretty and unique figure the belle of Washington makes testing the youthfulness of a goose with all the skill of a bounding house keeper, tumbling over potatoes and apples, pointing out the specks in the celery and driving good bargains at every turn. The Mitchells live on the best the land affords, entertain a good deal and are generous people. If pretty Mattie didn't watch things closely the birds would be there bankrupt.

One may see here in the morning half the well known women of Washington. Not many men come to market. An exception is found in the case of Senator Cockrell, who comes two or three times a week, with his old slouch but well down over his eyes and carrying an enormous basket.

Senators Manderson and Stockdale often come to market, but Cockrell is the only public man I ever saw carrying his own basket.

Once in a while, when there are orders of unusual importance to give, Mrs. Harrison drives down to market. She buys rapidly and with the confidence of experience. The market merchants say a \$75 or \$100 order for the White House is nothing uncommon. Sometimes Senator Stanford buys \$300 worth of stuff in one day all through one tradesman. For a recent luncheon at the executive mansion the following order was filled: Ten dollars' worth of mushrooms, fifteen dollars' worth of strawberries, twelve dollars' worth of asparagus, three dollars' worth of celery.

Sir Julian Pauncefote goes to market occasionally, but more to satisfy his curiosity than for business purposes. Count Arco Valley, the German minister, used to ride to market in state, sending his footman ahead with a big basket to make the unimportant purchases, the count himself attending to the roasts, fowl, oysters and flowers. Many people come to market to see the flowers and for nothing else. The flower show here is one of the finest in the country. The most noted grower of roses in this part of the world is Mr. Durfee, clerk to the senate committee on finance, who is said to know more about the details of tariff bills and rose growing than any other man in America. His stand in the market is a rendezvous for flower lovers and women of fashion.

Many society dames come to market because it is an easy way to get the gossip of the day, the stalls and aisles primarily devoted to beef, pork and potatoes being almost as much used by purveyors of the ribbits of society. Washington girls have a pleasant way of taking their admirers out for a morning walk, steering them to the market to see the flowers, and walking away with fine bouquets for their pains.

Speaking of the German Count Arco Valley shopping with gloves and a monocle reminds me of a still more interesting member of the diplomatic corps who has created quite a sensation in market during the past month. She is the Countess B—, a beautiful little woman with black eyes and kinkly, curly black hair, the daintiest of figures and the most bewitching manners, who fairly divides the honors with fair Miss Mitchell. The little countess does not visit the market to buy, only to look and taste. She loves to sample everything she sees, and the tradesmen and tradeswomen are not unwilling, for a chance to gaze into the depths of those eyes is certainly worth something.

Terpenin varies more in price than any article else sold in the big market. They run from four to eighty dollars a dozen, and from fifty cents to seven dollars apiece, according to size and quality. Terpenin is known as bull's bellers and comets. Besides, there are "silders" which are not terpenin at all, but which are frequently made to misnomer as such. Comets, of course, are the aristocrats of the terpenin family. The are sold from five to seven dollars per dozen, which is more than can be said of some of the human assistants bearing the same title.

The Capital City is fortunately situated, so far as the good things of life are concerned. It is in the midst of a fruit, fish and produce region as fine as any in the land. The fertile fields of Maryland, Delaware and Virginia fill the hucksters' stalls with all that is tempting in vegetables and fruits. The Potowmack, the Chesapeake and other waters, both salt and fresh, contribute oysters, clams, crabs, fish and terpenin. In fact Washington is the center of the terpenin trade. They are in great demand here, and the taste of Washington in terpenin sets the fashion for the remainder of the country.

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soon surrender to the insidious charms of the most costly delicacy known to our American markets.

Mention of the senator reminds me that his beautiful daughter, Mattie, is the queen of the market, in the sense that she is the most admired and perhaps most talked of all the regular habitues of the place. Three times a week, at exactly 10:30 in the morning, Miss Mitchell drives up to the market in an open carriage, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Handy. The famous beauty is followed wherever she goes by hundreds of pairs of eyes, but she has no time to think of sentiment, nor even of flowers. She pauses just long enough to buy a bunch of violets, and then plunges into her business.

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YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

DEVOTED ESPECIALLY TO THE ENTERTAINMENT OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

A short sketch of a famous French Woman Whose Name Is Closely Linked with the Cause of Liberty and Whose Last Words Have Become Historic.

Among the leaders of the French revolution many were actuated by the highest motives, and one of the most ardent was Marie Roland. Her maiden name was Jeanne Manon Philippe, and she was born in 1754. The little Manon was a remarkably bright child, and read everything she could get hold of. She could only be diverted from her books by the offer of flowers, and this passion for books and flowers remained with her through life. As a young woman she was tall and graceful and of a most fascinating countenance and amiable demeanor. In 1781 she married M. Roland. In 1789 she was a remarkable figure. Her disease is usually supposed to be incipient, but when properly treated a large proportion of cases can be cured. Thus Mrs. Emma Hatch of Eastgate, Ind., and Mrs. Mary L. Baker of West Mich., were cured after suffering 29 years. S. C. Ligginberg, dramatist at San Jose, Cal., says that Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, which cured the former, "worked wonders for him." Dr. Ligginberg of Rockhampton, Mich., who had been ill for 20 years, says that Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is a good and guaranteed by Drs. Hocken & Co., and Hocken & Co.'s book of wonderous remedies

EPICUREAN MORSELS.

Choice lettuce is now grown in Florida. Whitebait are best fried in a large quantity of boiling fat.

Potatoes à la Paris are baked in an oven with unlimited butter.

A blade beef is much improved by the addition of onions and mushrooms.

Thin slices of bread, soup and thick cream make an English sandwich called "blender" and lightning and vichyssoise.

A spoon being the easiest thing to use in eating an ordinary "French soupe" have appeared, and are so made as to be a real convenience.

Remarkable cures.

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VAUGHAN & ALLEN, PLUMBERS,

—ALL MANUFACTURERS OF—

Plain and Sanitary Plumbing.

Gas and Steam Fitting!

PRICES LOW AND WORK WARRANTED.

23 NORTH MAIN STREET.

MARION, OHIO.

MUSIC HALL! APRIL 1891

SU.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
					1	2
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

C. A. Schroeter, of Delaware, is a guest of his brother, J. A. Schroeter.

Jack Cramer is down from Hammond, Ind., to remain a couple days.

Miss Hattie Peters, a teacher in the high school building, is ill and unable to assume her duties.

Prepare to laugh when you go to see "Struck Gas" tonight. Funniest play of the season. See it.

A traveling man jumped off of Big Four train 10 at the junction this morning, while it was going at full speed, and fell upon his face. He received no serious injuries from his fall but will carry scars from it for many a day.

The program at the High School literary contest Friday night is to consist of two essays, two recitations, two orations and two papers, one each by representatives from each society; one debate with two debaters from each society, and music and tableaux. The last two features do not belong to the contested members.

The first ball of the Marion Athletic Club, given at Music Hall Tuesday night, was a notable success. Nearly one hundred couples attended and joined in making it the enjoyable affair that all pronounce it to be. The music by the "Solid Four," of Newark, was decidedly pleasing. The annual balls of the gymnasium will be anticipated in the future with much pleasure.

TRACKS OF BLOOD

That Worried the Boys in the Huber September Department.

There was a flush of excitement in the separator department of the Huber works on Tuesday, resulting from tracks of blood in various places on the second floor that seemed to portend some awful crime. The bloody foot was discovered when the men went to work in the morning, and there were not only crimson tracks but lots of spots on one floor near a lumber pile, that indicated that some struggling victim had met a cruel fate at that very place. There was surprise and consternation on every face and every effort at investigation deepened the mystery, and by noon it seemed that there were the faint echoes of the death cries of some unfortunate being.

Mr. Huber was called in and could think of no explanation to ease the apprehensions of Foreman Earhart and his force of men. The night watchmen were gone, so no light was offered by them. John Schroeter started an investigation and suggested that it was the result of spilling the surplus of the crimson ink used by the separator department, but he was roasted for joking about a serious matter and his theory received with contempt.

Just before quitting time the mystery was unravelled. Night Watchman Chris Spade had cut his foot on a piece of sheet iron and made a part of his circuit before he had discovered his injury, thus making the bloody tracks. When he found his foot cut he took off his shoe to wrap the wound, sitting by the lumber pile, and in that way clotted the floor with blood, real gore, that gave so much apprehension of a fearful crime.

The whole thing happened one day too soon for an April fool joke.

Who are They?

The Upper Sandusky Chief says: "A company of capitalists of Marion, aged 25, carpenter by trade, and well-to-do residents of the middle class of DeFiante, was found dead in a vacant house he had left with a bullet-hole in his head. A revolver lay by his side. No cause known for the suicide."

On April 1, James Sweeney, jail keeper, was locked up at the city prison Monday night for safe-keeping, as he was suffering from an attack of delirious tremors. Yesterday morning he was found dead in his cell.

James Sweeney, April 1.—James Sweeney, jail keeper, was locked up at the city prison Monday night for safe-keeping, as he was suffering from an attack of delirious tremors. Yesterday morning he was found dead in his cell.

It is proposed doing away with the old system of lightning rod protection and replacing the rods with narrow ribbons of copper, which will use up the energy of the lightning and save the building from destruction.

Some very nobly gentlemen's furnishing stores order gloves for the duels of the period having pearl buttons in place of the patent button preferred by men.

WORK BEGINS.

AT LAST DIRT FLIES ON THE BLACK DIAMOND RAILWAY.

Col. Boone the Hero of the Hour. With One Thousand Men at Work on the Line Between Mt. Gilead and Marion.

"Want a great scoop?" asked a well known citizen of the STATE, this morning.

"Always, you bet."

"Well, tell your readers that the telegraph brings word, corroborating letters, that work on the Black Diamond has at last begun. Yes, the splendid news flashed over the wire this morning from Mt. Gilead. Reliable Allen Levering sends the tidings and he never told a lie in his life."

"Is Boone on his feet and pushing the thing?"

"That is what he is. The Colonel, whom everybody has ridiculed and abused more or less, has floated his bonds and with plenty of boddle has quietly set about to get a force at work rather than issue any more promises."

"Will Marion's subscription be claimed?"

"No, they can't be claimed, but Col. Hawkins and a force of solicitors will be here tomorrow to see to the renewal of all subscription notes possible. Many of our people, you know, have always said they would still pay, if the road would come."

"Is there anything else to give the public?"

"Oh, yes: tell your readers this is April 1st, and news is dull. Don't tell the board of trade that I let out this news, either."

The Change of Janitors.

The DAILY STAR of the 30 inst., announced to the public that one Edward Brady, a kind of a wild cabbage politician, has finally been appointed to succeed faithful Con Malloy as janitor of the county court house at an increased salary of \$120 per year.

This action of the commissioners is being severely criticised by all the other county officials, and attorneys of Marion county, into the friendship and esteem of whom Con has so thoroughly ingratiated himself as a kind, trusty, and obliging friend and servant, worthy of being admitted not only to their confidence, but also to their social chats about private business affairs.

But the purpose of the writer of this article is not to again announce the disappointment, chargin, disgust and contempt of others, but to call the attention of the Alliance to the high handed disregard of the commissioners

for the main tenet of the Alliance, viz.; the reduction of public expenses, and the economical administration of public offices and trusts.

The first issue, issued early in the morning, is called Hsing-Pau (business sheet), and contains trade prices, exchange quotations and all manner of commercial intelligence. This issue is printed on yellow paper. The second edition, coming out during the forenoon, is also printed on yellow paper, and is devoted to official announcements, fashionable intelligence and general news. This is called the Shuen-Pau or "Official sheet." The third edition appears late in the afternoon, is printed on red paper, and bears the name Titan Pau (country sheet). This consists of extracts from the earlier editions, and is largely subscribed for in the provinces. All these issues of the King-Pau for each edition of the journal bears the original name in addition to its own especial title—are edited by six members of the National Academy of Sciences, appointed and salaried by the Chinese government. The total number of copies printed daily varies between 13,000 and 14,000.

Barbers' Poles.

Of all symbols none is so ancient as the barber's pole; few have caused so much antiquarian research. According to the "Atheneum Oracle" the ancients Romans were so benefited by the first barber who came to their city that they erected a statue to his memory. Anciently barbers acted in a dual capacity, as hairdressers and surgeons. In Rome they were wont to bang out, at the end of their poles, basins, that wearied and wounded travelers might observe them at a distance. The colorado staff is said to indicate that surgery was carried on within, the color stripe representing the fillet elegantly entwined round the patient's arm while he was phlebotomized. An illuminated missal of the time of Edward I has a plate representing a patient, staff in hand and arm in fit, undergoing phlebotomy.

Barbers proper—that is, hairdressers and barbers—were distinguished by the color of the bands on the poles, the former having a blue and the latter a red. As far back as 1707 barbers and surgeons were compelled by statute to display their poles.

It is the custom of barbers and surgeons to stand by their poles, which are often decorated with figures of the

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King-Pau for each edition of the journal bears the original name in addition to its own especial title—are edited by six members of the National Academy of Sciences, appointed and salaried by the Chinese government. The total number of copies printed daily varies between 13,000 and 14,000.

Barbers' Poles.

Of all symbols none is so ancient as the barber's pole; few have caused so much antiquarian research. According to the "Atheneum Oracle" the ancients Romans were so benefited by the first barber who came to their city that they erected a statue to his memory. Anciently barbers acted in a dual capacity, as hairdressers and surgeons. In Rome they were wont to bang out, at the end of their poles, basins, that wearied and wounded travelers might observe them at a distance. The colorado staff is said to indicate that surgery was carried on within, the color stripe representing the fillet elegantly entwined round the patient's arm while he was phlebotomized. An illuminated missal of the time of Edward I has a plate representing a patient, staff in hand and arm in fit, undergoing phlebotomy.

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THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

Now and Then the Familiar Word "Microbe" Came into Being. The word "microbe" dates from 1878. It was born on Monday at half past 4 in the afternoon, in the assembly hall of the Academy of Science at Paris. It was in the month of February.

"I still remember the day," says the writer in the Great Divide, who makes the foregoing interesting statement. "The weather was cloudy and cold, and the gas had just been lit. I still see, as if I were there, Charles Sedillot, the surgeon of Strasburg, member of the section of medicine, slowly rise and read, with his heavy and unwieldy voice, the title of a memoir, 'Application of the Labors of M. Pasteur to Surgery.'

"Living organisms, coming in contact with sores," he said, "bring on serious complications. I am going to show this plainly but in the first place I must say a word about atmospheric germs. These germs have been called by so many names that one gets lost among them. For example, they are called schizophytes, micrococh, circospor, microspores, desmo bacteria, bacteria, bacterinia, leptothrixes, cladiothrixes, blasticia, micro-organisms, mucidina, aerobia, anaerobia, monads, bacilli, vibrios and other names which I pass by."

"I believe it would be an advantage," added Sedillot, "to substitute for all these denominations a simpler generic name for current use. I therefore propose the generic name microbe, from micro, small, and bios, life. I have consulted my friend Littré on this point, and he approves my choice." Then during his whole lecture Sedillot exclusively used the word microbe.

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